foot of the hill stood the Mannings plantation home. Nothing is known today of the Mannings family. Buried there, too, is Ivan Hunter of Richwood. He manned the fire tower which was on the knob and became so infatuated with the memory of the spy and so engrossed in her life, that he asked to be buried by her side.

HARTMAN, Mrs. I. F., active in political and civic work in Upshur County, was born in Salisbury, Maryland. She graduated from the University of Maryland School of Nursing in 1965 and in 1970 moved to Buckhannon with her husband, a surgeon in that city. She was active in the 1972 gubernatorial campaign of Jay Rockefeller, was an officer in Upshur Flying Service and was associated with the Upshur County Health Planning Council and the Women's Counselling Service at West Virginia Wesleyan College. She sought election as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1974.

MRS. I. F. HARTMAN

HATFIELD WOMEN. Over the years, much has been written about the male members of the Hatfield clan who took part in that early orgy of blood-letting – the Hatfield-McCoy feud. But nothing has been said concerning the indomitable wives of that stalwart breed of men.

My purpose is to pay a richly deserved tribute to one of those pioneer women – the late Nancy Elizabeth, wife of William Anderson Hatfield, common known as "Cap," second son of Devil Anse, and the most deadly killer of the feud.

More than 30 years have passed since I last talked with her; but I still regard Nancy Elizabeth Hatfield as the most remarkable and unforgettable woman of the mountains.

In the spring of 1924, I was a candidate in the primary election for the Republican nomination for attorney general, and I wanted the Hatfield influence. Devil Anse had died in 1921, and his mantle of leadership of the clan had fallen to his oldest living son, Cap – a power in Logan County politics.

I had met Cap, casually, in 1912, but I had not seen him since that meeting. But his sister, Mrs. Betty Caldwell, and her husband, lived in my county of Mercer, and were among my political supporters. To pave the way for my later meeting with Cap, I had Mrs. Caldwell write and ask him to support me.

Later, when campaigning in the City of Logan, I engaged a taxi to take me the few miles up Island Creek to Cap's home. The car stopped suddenly and the driver pointed to a comfortable-looking farm house on the other side of the creek and said:

"That's Cap's home, and that's Cap out there by the barn."

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NANCY ELIZABETH (MRS. CAP) HATFIELD (1932).

I told him to return for me in two hours.

Cap saw me get out of the car, and, as I crossed the creek on an old-fashioned footlog, I saw him fold his arms across his chest and slip his right hand under his coat. Later, I noticed a large pistol holstered under his left arm. Even in that late day, Cap took no chances with strangers. When I got within speaking distance, I told him my name, and that I had come to solicit his support in my campaign for attorney general. He gave me a hearty handclasp, and said:

"My sister, Mrs. Caldwell, wrote us about you. But, let's go to the house, my wife is the politician in our family."

Cap was reluctant to commit himself "so early." But Nancy Elizabeth thought otherwise. Finally, Cap agreed to support me; and, with that point settled, we visited until my taxi returned.

Meanwhile, with Cap's approval, Nancy Elizabeth gave me the accompanying, heretofore unpublished photograph of the Devil Anse Clan. In 1963 I rephotographed it and sent a print to Willis Hatfield (number 22 in picture), only survivor of Devil Anse, who made the identifications. Nancy Elizabeth is number 16, and the baby in her lap is her son, Robert Elliott, born April 29, 1897. Therefore, the photograph must have been made late in 1897, or early in 1898.

A few months after Cap's death (August 22, 1930), the West Virginia newspaper publishers and editors held their annual convention in Logan. I was invited to address the group at a morning session. That same day, Sheriff Joe Hatfield and his brother, Tennis, younger brothers of Cap, gave an ox-roast dinner for the visiting newsmen and their guests. The picnic was held on a narrow strip of bottom land, on Island Creek, a half-mile below the old home of Devil Anse.

I ate lunch with Nancy Elizabeth and her sister-in-law, Betty Caldwell. After lunch, at the suggestion of Mrs. Caldwell, we three drove up the creek to the old home of her father – Devil Anse. It was a large, two-story, frame structure (since destroyed by fire, then occupied by Tennis Hatfield, youngest son of Devil Anse.

The most interesting feature in the old home was Devil Anse's gun-room. Hanging along its walls were a dozen, or more, high-powered rifles, and a number of large caliber pistols, ranging from the earliest to the latest models. "The older guns," said Nancy Elizabeth, "were used in the feud."

As we returned, we stopped at the family cemetery that clings uncertainly to the steep mountainside, overlooking the picnic grounds. There, among the

mountains he loved and ruled, old Devil Anse found peace. A life-size statue of the old man, carved in Italy (from a photograph) of the finest Carrara marble, stands in majestic solitude above his grave. On its four-foot high granite base are carved the names of his wife and their thirteen children.

Our next stop was at the home of Nancy Elizabeth, the same home where I visited with her and Cap during my campaign. For nearly three hours I asked questions and listened to that remarkable woman recount many of her experiences as the wife of America's most celebrated feudist.

Nancy Elizabeth's home also held a number of guns, pistols, and other relics of the feud days. But the most interesting item was Cap's bullet-proof, steel breastplate, designed to cover the entire front half of his body from his neck to his lower abdomen.

"Mrs. Hatfield," I said, "judging from the three bullet marks on it, this breastplate was a great protection to Cap; but what was to prevent an enemy from shooting him in the back?" Her eyes flashed as she replied: "Mr. Lee, Cap Hatfield never turned his back on an enemy or a friend."

"I have read two stories, Mrs. Hatfield, each purporting to give the true cause of the feud:

One book stated that it was the result of a dispute between a McCoy and a Hatfield over the ownership of a hog;

Another book said that it grew out of the seduction of a McCoy girl by Johnson Hatfield, oldest son of Devil Anse. Is either one of these stories true?"

No. Neither story is true," she replied. "The McCoys lived on the Kentucky side of Tug River, and the Hatfields lived on the West Virginia side. Hogs don't swim rivers. I never heard the girl story until I read it in a book, written long after the feud was over. Both stories are pure fiction.

"The truth is," she continued, "in the fall of 1882, in an election-day fight between Ellison Hatfield, a younger brother of Devil Anse, and three McCoy brothers, Ellison was shot and knifed. He died two days later. In retaliation, Devil Anse and his clan captured and shot the three McCoy brothers. It was these four senseless killings that started the feud."

In answer to my inquiry, Nancy Elizabeth said:

"Yes, there had been 'bad blood' between the two families since the Civil War. In that struggle the Hatfields were 'Rebels', – loyal to their State, Virginia. Devil Anse organized and was the captain of a company of Confederate sympathizers called the 'Logan Wildcats'. They were recruited for local defense; but they left the county long enough to take part in the battle of Scary, fought along the banks of the Kanawha River, a few miles below Charleston.

"The McCoys, and their mountain neighbors, were pro-Union; and to protect their region against invasion by 'Virginia Rebels', they organized a military company called 'Home Guards'. There were occasional border clashes between the two forces, with casualties on both sides. The war ended only seventeen years before the feud began, and the bitterness still existed in the minds of the older generation, and they passed it on to their children. It was the old sectional and political hatreds that sparked the fight between Ellison Hatfield and the McCoy brothers."

Nancy Elizabeth declined to estimate the number killed on either side in the feud.

"It was a horrible nightmare to

me," she said. "Sometimes, for months, Cap never spent a night in our house. He and Devil Anse, with others, slept in the nearby woods to guard our homes against surprise attacks. At times, too, we women and our children slept in hidden shelters in the forests.

"But these assults were not one-sided affairs. The Hatfields crossed the Tug and killed McCoys. It was a savage war of extermination, regardless of age or sex. Finally, to get our children to a safer locality, we Hatfields left Tug River, crossed the mountains, and settled here on Island Creek, a tributary of the Guyandot River.

"No, there was no formal truce ending hostilities. After a decade, or more, of fighting and killing, both sides grew tired and quit. The McCoys stayed in Kentucky and the Hatfields kept to West Virginia. The feud was really over a long time before either side realized it.

"Yes, Kentucky offered a large reward for the capture of Devil Anse and Cap. The governor of West Virginia refused to extradite them because, said he, 'their trials in Kentucky would be nothing more than legalized lynchings'. It was then that Kentucky's governor offered the reward for their capture – 'dead or alive'. Three attempts were made by reward seekers to capture them.

"Dan Cunningham, a Charleston detective, with two Cincinnati detectives, made the first attempt. They came through Kentucky, and crossed Tug River in the night; but the Hatfields soon captured them. A justice of the peace sentenced them to 90 days in Logan County jail for 'disturbin' the peace'. When released, they were told to follow the Guyandot River to Huntington, a distance of 60 miles, and 'not to come back'.

"Next, a man named Phillips led two raids from Kentucky into Hatfield territory. In the first, he captured 'Cottontop' Mounts, a relative and supporter of the Hatfields, and took him to Pikeville, Kentucky, where he was hanged. But the second foray met with disaster at the 'Battle of the Grapevine'. Phillips, and some of his followers, escaped into Kentucky, but some were buried where they fell.

"This was the last attempt of the reward seekers. However, Kentucky never withdrew the reward offer, and that is why Devil Anse and Cap were always armed and on the alert."

"Mrs. Hatfield, your husband and his father bore the same given names, – 'William Anderson'. How did they get the nicknames of 'Cap' and 'Devil Anse'?"

"It is very simple," she replied, "Early in life Devil Anse's name was shortened to 'Anse'. During, and after, the Civil War he was called 'Captain Anse'. The son, because he had the same name as his father, was called "Little Cap'. As the boy grew larger, the word 'Little' was dropped. Also, because of their fierceness in feud combats, the McCoys called the father 'Devil Anse' and the son 'Bad Cap'. The newspapers took up the names, and they stuck. Devil Anse liked and cultivated his title; but, eventually, the word 'Bad' was dropped from Cap's nickname.

"Was I afraid? For years, day and night, I lived in fear. Afraid for my own safety, and for the safety of my loved ones. Constant fear is a terrible emotion. It takes a heavy toll, mentally and physically.

"I now think that my most anxious moments, as well as my greatest thrill, came years after the feud was over. In 1922, Tennis Hatfield and another deputy sheriff went over to Pikeville, Kentucky, to return a

prisoner, wanted in Logan County. While there, Tennis visited the aged Randolph McCoy, surviving leader of his clan during the feud. (Tennis was born long after the feud was over). The old man was delighted to see 'Devil Anse's youngest son'., and Tennis spent the night with him.

"The next morning, Randolph told Tennis that he was going home with him. 'I want to see Cap,' he said, 'and tell him how glad I am that I didn't kill him. I am sorry Devil Anse is gone, I would like to see him, too.' Tennis was worried. He didn't know how Cap would receive his old enemy. So, he left Randolph in Logan while he came up to our place to consult Cap.

"Cap listened to Tennis's story, and said:

'Does he come in peace?'

'Yes,' said Tennis, 'he comes in peace.'

'Does he come unarmed?'

'Yes, he comes unarmed.'

'Then, I shall be happy to greet him in the same way. Bring him up for supper, and he shall spend the night with us.'

"My anxious moments were just before these two strong-willed men met. I knew how they had hated each other; that each had tried to kill the other, more than once, that each had killed relatives and friends of the other; and I was afraid of what they might do when they stood face to face.

"My thrill came when I saw them clasp hands, and heard each one tell the other how happy he was to see him. They talked far into the night, and both were up early the next morning, eager to continue their talks. Tennis came about one o'clock to drive Randolph back to his Kentucky home. Cap watched them until they passed out of sight up the creek, and then remarked: 'You know, I always did like that cantankerous old cuss.'

"Cap and Randolph never saw each other again."

"Mrs. Hatfield, we have talked much about an era that is gone, – feuds are ended, railroads and paved highways have come, the huge coal industry has developed, churches and schools are everywhere, and people are educated. Now, I would like to know something about you."

This is the brief life-story of the remarkable and unforgettable Nancy Elizabeth Hatfield, as she related it to me.

She was Nancy Elizabeth Smith, called "Nan" by her family and friends; born in Wayne County, West Virginia, September 10, 1866. (She died August 24, 1942). In her early years, she lived "close enough to the Ohio River," she said, "to see the big boats that brought people and goods up from below." She attended a country school three months out of the year, and acquired the rudiments of a common school education, plus a yearning for wider knowledge.

While she was still a young girl her parents moved by push-boat up the Big Sandy and Tug rivers into what is now Mingo County, then Logan County. They settled in the wilderness on Mate Creek, near the site of the present town of Matewan.

"Why they made that move," said Nancy Elizabeth, "I have never understood."

In her new environment, in the summer of 1880, when she was 14 years old, Nancy Elizabeth married Joseph M. Glenn, an enterprising young adventurer from Georgia, who had established a store in the mountains, and floated rafts of black walnut logs, and other timber, down the Tug and Big Sandy rivers to the lumber mills of Catlettsburg, Ky., and

Portsmouth, Ohio.

Two years after their marriage Glenn was waylaid and murdered by a former business associate, named Bill Smith – no relation to Nancy Elizabeth. Smith escaped into the wilderness and was never apprehended. The 16-year old widow was left with a three-weeks old infant son, who grew to manhood, and for years, that son, the late Joseph M. Glenn, was a leading lawyer in the city of Logan.

On October 11, 1883, a year after her husband's death, at the age of 17, Nancy Elizabeth married the 19-year old Cap Hatfield, second son of Devil Anse.

"He was the best looking young man in the settlement," she proudly told me.

But at that time Cap had little to recommend him, except his good looks. He was born Feb. 6, 1864, during the Civil War, and grew up in a wild and lawless wilderness, where people were torn and divided by political and sectional hatreds and family feuds – a rugged, mountain land, without roads, schools, or churches.

When he married, Cap could neither read nor write, but he possessed the qualities necessary for survival in that turbulent time and place – he was "quick on the draw, and a dead shot."

"When we were married, Cap was not a very good risk as a husband," said Nancy Elizabeth. "The feud had been going on for a year, and he was already its most deadly killer. Kentucky had set a price on his head. But we were young, he was handsome, and I was deeply in love with him. Besides, he was the best shot on the border, and I was confident that he could take care of himself – and he did."

Nancy Elizabeth taught her handsome husband to read and write, and imparted to him the meager learning she had acquired in the country school in Wayne County. But, more important, she instilled into him her own hunger for knowledge.

Cap had a brilliant mind, and he set about to improve it. He and Nancy Elizabeth bought and read many books on history and biography, and they also subscribed for and read a number of the leading magazines of their day. In time they built up a small library or good books, which they read and studied along with their children.

At the urging of Nancy Elizabeth, Cap decided to study law, and enrolled at the University Law School at Huntingdon, Tennessee. But six months later, a renewal of the feud brought him back to the mountains. He never returned to law school, but continued his legal studies at home, and was admitted to the bar in Wyoming and Mingo counties. However, he never practiced the profession.

Nancy Elizabeth and Cap raised seven of their nine children, and Nancy's eyes grew moist as she talked of the sacrifices she and Cap had made that their children might obtain the education fate had denied to their parents. But her face glowed with a mother's pride as she said:

"All our children are reasonably well educated. Three are college graduates, and the others attended college from one to three years. But, above everything else, they are all good and useful citizens."

As I left the home of the remarkable and unforgettable Nancy Hatfield, I knew that I had been in the presence of a queenly woman – a real "Mountain Queen." – Howard B. Lee, former Attorney General of West Virginia.

BETSY BYARS

BYARS, Betsy, well known author of books for children, was born in Charlotte, North Carolina in 1928.

She grew up in that city and studied for two years at Furman University in Greenville, South Carolina, then returned to Charlotte, where she earned a degree in English from Queens College in 1950.

While her husband was a graduate student at the University of Illinois, she started writing articles for periodicals such as *Look*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and others. She also began writing books for children, among them: *Clementine*; *The Dancing Camel*,; *Rama, The Gypsy Cat*; *The Groober*; *The Midnight Fox*; *Trouble River*; *The Summer of the Swans*; and *Go and Hush the Baby*. *The Summer of the Swans*, which won the Newberry Medal in 1971, has a West Virginia setting, as do several of her other books.

In 1960 Mrs. Byars and her family moved to West Virginia, where her husband became an engineering instructor at West Virginia University.

CARPENTER, Kate. White Sulphur Springs was originally patented by Nicholas Carpenter, husband of Kate Carpenter. He established his family at the Springs in 1750.

The Carpenter household was situated in a dangerous location. Unfriendly Indians that lived near the springs know of their healing waters.

Nicholas and Kate had a warning of an oncoming Indian raid. Nicholas decided to take his family to a fort nearby. This fort was located in Covington about thirty miles away.

Carpenter left first with his older children, and he intended to return later for Kate and their youngest daughter, Frances. But he fell victim of the Indians while defending the fort. Kate grew apprehensive when her husband did not return and fled to a nearby mountain with Frances.

This mountain still bears her name today and is noted for its "Kate's Mountain Clover." Covering the mountain are rare wild flowers and ancient box huckleberry.

Kate left the mountain after some time and made her way to the fort. She later moved to Staunton, which became her home.

Kate's daughter, Frances, inherited the 951 acres surrounding the springs. She later married Capt. Micheal Bowyer II in 1766. They had four children and made their home in Staunton.

After the death of his wife, Capt. Bowyer moved to Greenbrier and settled on the Carpenter lands. In 1784 Bowyer secured a patent for an adjoining

KATE CARPENTER in hiding. A contemporary drawing by Otis Asbury.

1,000 acres and built the first cabins to the famous resort at White Sulphur Springs.

CARTER, Fannie Cobb, an educator, was born in 1872 in a house on Dickinson St., Charleston.

She graduated from Storer College at Harpers Ferry at the age of 19 and later attended Oberlin College, Ohio State University and Columbia University. Her teaching career included service in public schools

MRS. BOZARTH defending her dwelling against the Indian invaders. This woodcut, one of the earliest of the pictures of the border heroine was taken from John Frost's *Border Wars of the*